

# The Tarboro'ough Southerner

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT; THEN GO AHEAD.—D. Crockett.

VOL. 54.

TARBORO', N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 1876.

NO. 2.

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With or without Portable Hot Water Reservoir and Clock.  
Don't buy an old-fashioned stove, but get one with all the latest improvements.  
Largest Oven and Fire. Largest Fire Box for long wood. Ventilated Oven, Five Back and Five Bottom. Burns a Quick, Sweet and Even Bake and Roast. Swings Hearth and Ash Catch. Won't floor or carpet. Durable Double and Bracket Centers and Ring Covers. Burns but little wood. Has Mica or Solid Iron Front. Carefully Fitted Smooth Castings. No Old Scrap Iron. Nickel Plated Trimmings. Tin Lined Oven Doors. Grand and Silver-like Polished Grates and Mouldings. Heavy. Best Non-Iron. Won't crack.  
WARRANTED SATISFACTORY.  
Manufactured by  
**RATHBONE, SARD & CO., Albany, N. Y.**  
Sold by an Entertaining Dealer in every Town.  
W. G. LEWIS, Agent,  
Nov. 12, 1875. Tarboro', N. C.

## Tarboro' Southerner.

Friday, Jan. 14 1876  
[From "The Tarboro' Southerner"]  
A Tar Heel in Connecticut.  
Jack Thrifty is a college bred young man who lives in this State in an adjoining county to Davidson. His father, William Thrifty, was always a little weak about his loys and to please his wife, who had the dyspepsia and was a great novel reader, he had set Jack aside to make him a lawyer. Mr. Thrifty moved to North Carolina from Connecticut a long while ago, and has a brother Paul, now living near Stonington in that State, who is a plain, hard working farmer, and the father of a large family of girls and boys. Now Jack was just twenty-one, and concluded he would travel about a little and see the world for himself. So his father let him sell his hogs and what little stock he had gathered about the farm, and Thrifty told him to be sure and go to Raleigh first, and "mind Jack," said he, "and write me word if the ladies down there pin their dresses tighter back than we do here." Jack landed in this city and spent several days at the Tarboro' House, when at length he determined to visit his uncle Paul in Connecticut and leaving from Dr. Blackhall he could go to Stonington and back for forty-eight dollars, and having in rag money a little over one hundred, he settled in board bill and took the northern train. He landed at the depot at Stonington and inquired if any one could tell him where Mr Paul Thrifty lived. He was told it was only a jump off, "that big white house you see over those trees," said a man standing near, and Jack left his trunk at the depot and set out at foot for the house. As he got near the house he spied a young man with his coat off pulling up turnips in a field, and thinking him one of his uncle Paul's laborers, he sung out, "Haw! my back, what will you charge me to go to the depot and bring my trunk up here?" The young man said he would go with pleasure, and Jack assured him he would pay him a quarter if he would. As he entered the gate he met with an old fellow rolling a wheelbarrow of turnips, and taking him for another of the hired help, he questioned him a good deal about how many daughters he had if they were pretty, and how old they were, &c. The old man replied that Mr. Thrifty was worth enough to give a man good bread and butter, and as to his girls, that "pretty was as pretty did." The old man turned into a lane towards the stables, and Jack went on to a fat box, cheerful looking old lady made her appearance, and when Jack pulled off his hat and handed her his card from a gilt edged card case, the old lady fairly screamed with joy, "Why, for bless my soul, if this ain't brother William's son Jack!" and she soon had him introduced to the girls, and as much at home as one of the family. At the dinner table the young man Jack had hired to go and bring his trunk was introduced as "our son William," "our cousin Jack," "an this is ja, cousin Jack," said one of the girls, as the old man walked in whom Jack had seen rolling the wheelbarrow, and who shook hands with him and gave him as hearty welcome to their home as his wife had done. The young man had spent a week or so quite pleasantly, when one night, Mr. Thrifty told one of the girls to have him breakfast by day the next morning, as he wanted to go over to Hartford to hire help to get his hay up, he wanted a driver for one of his wagons. Jack spoke up quickly and asked him to let him drive the wagon, he would just like to show him how he could handle the reins. Mr. Thrifty said he would gladly do so, and pay him for it besides, but Jack laughed at the very mention of pay, and declared that a day in the harvest field would be a perfect frolic. So the next day he was given a wagon, and made some rattling good drives, as he styled it, though Mr. Thrifty called out to him, once or twice, to take care, that he was too reckless with that young mare. But wasn't it a runaway when they did start! Going down a little slope of hill Jack concluded to "let them cut," and off they dashed, scattering things right and left, and making for the house like a streak of lightning. They tore down the new patent gate, smashed over bog gums, broke up the hen house, killed an old hen and her chickens, and played the wild with the greenhouse, tramping every flower to the ground. Mr. Thrifty in all his life had never been known to swear an oath. In truth he was known all throughout the whole neighborhood as "peaceful Paul." But he stood now and waved his hat, he was so mad, and told Jack, a rebellious, scoundrel, stuck-up, lazy, do-nothing, anti-thrifty, vagabond looking upstart, to get away from the house and never shine his face there again. The girls said never mind pa, he would soon get over it, but Jack waited away for the depot and took the cars for North Carolina. He arrived at the Tarboro' minus enough money to pay his way home, and Dr. Blackhall got Col. Ligon at Greensboro to pass him to High Point, his getting off place. Jack swore he never saw such a man as his uncle Paul was; that at his own home he had rode two horses to death, killed two colts, and then reckoned he had knocked off a pile of cow horns as high as a lamp post, but there was more fass made over this little mishap in yauke land, than he had ever known in the "old man's" family since the day he was born. A little more shirt sleeves and turnip pulling among our young men in this State, and a little less studying for the profession, would improve things wonderfully in an agricultural point of view.

## A Specific Against Hydrophobia.

A lady met me this morning saying, "Did you get that receipt for curing hydrophobia in yesterday's paper?" I had not seen it. "Well," she continued, "it is just the cure I wanted you to write about two or three years ago—the old Chester Valley cure. It never was known to fail, and was used in hundreds of cases in the eastern part of the State. I remember hearing of it as long as I can remember anything. I have told and talked, and no one would mind me. I tried to get you to write a letter about it and now you must write, for people will not believe. They will read and forget all about it."  
I remember perfectly her anxiety that I should write to the public and proclaim that elecampene and fresh milk are the specific for hydrophobia, and my purpose to repeat the account she gave me of it, but do not remember why I did not do so. That I may atone for my negligence I now repeat what she so long ago told me which she now urges me to make as public as possible.  
In her old home in Chester county, Pa., lived a German named Jo. Eney, who used to be sent for far and wide, when anyone had been bitten by a rabid animal. He went to his patient, carrying something understood to be a roof, which he himself, dug in the woods. He milked a pint of milk fresh from the cow, put his root into it, boiled it; gave it to the patient fasting; made him fast after taking it; gave a second and third dose on alternate days, and never failed in effecting a cure. In some way which she has forgotten, his secret transpired, and the root was known to be elecampene.  
The story, current in the country, was that an old German made the discovery in the days of Penn., and applied to the Pennsylvania legislature for a grant of \$500 for making his secret public. His offer was treated with contempt, and he resolved that his knowledge should die with him; but a drunkard once knew it and wrote out the receipt; making a number of copies and tried to sell them at one dollar apiece. One of them was offered to my informant's grandfather who laughed at this vendor of important medical knowledge. He only succeeded in selling two, one of these to the man who made such effective use of it. So well did he establish the local reputation of this specific, that, in his neighborhood, the folks were not afraid of mad dogs. His reputation was parallel to that of Dr. Marclant, of Greensburg, to whom every one in this part of the country used to go or send, when bitten by a mad dog.  
The intelligence and integrity of my informant are beyond question, and I regret that her love of privacy should prevent her giving the weight of her name to her conviction that you have published an unflattering specific for hydrophobia. The people of Chester Valley are not a class likely to be misled by superstition, and she is confident it was a general or universal belief that Jacob Eney never failed to cure or prevent hydrophobia. In one case the spasms had begun before the first dose was given, but the patient recovered. She is anxious you should publish the receipt again and again, keep it standing, and call attention to it until every one cuts out and preserves a copy, and is impressed with the importance of using the remedy at once, in case of danger. The medical properties of elecampene are very powerful. Milk itself is a specific for every avenue of light into the dark subject. If the disease is one of the imagination, we want a specific to give confidence and cure by the imagination; but this looks like a real cure of a veritable disease.  
JANE GREY SWISSELM.  
Pittsburgh Commercial.

## The County School Mom.

She is invariably about twenty-three years and six months old, and remains rite there for a term of years.  
She wears her hair either cut short or hanging around in ringlets, and is as precise in all things as one of Fairbank's improved platform scales.  
She never laughs out loud, and seldom even smiles, but when she does, she does it according to the rules laid down by Murray for speakin' out and pronouncing the English language correctly.  
She is the very essence of double extracted propriety, and would rather be four years behind the fashions, in her dress and bonnet, than to spell a word wrong, parse a sentence incorrectly.  
She keeps a scrap book and an album and would prefer rather to have the autograph of some milk-and-water poet than the name of some good man to a sixty days' note.  
The county school mom seldom dies an old maid, she got married generally to some man who has but little eddication, and he thinks (as he ought to) that there aint another such a larnt woman on the face of the earth.  
With all her precise foolishness, her poropous knowledges, her silly sentimentalism, and her almost always mistaken manner for matter, I respect the county school mom; she taught me my letters, she was pashant when I was stupid, she soothed me when I was frackish, and she often (good soul) gave me a tip from her luncheon at noon time.  
May kind heaven spare sun kind or happiness in her pathway, for she iz paid poorly, worked hardly, and the step mother to everybody's children; she never receives from the world any thing better than the most formal respect.—Josh Billings.

## Not Afraid of the Devil.

A colored man named Nelson is owing a butcher five or six dollars, and after trying in vain to collect the money, the butcher and a friend put their heads together and the other night they called at Nelson's house, and he was awakened by a riep on the window.  
"Who's dar?" he called out.  
"The Devil?" was solemnly replied by the butcher.  
"Yes, I want you," "What for?"  
"You refuse to pay your butcher's bill, and I am sent to take you to the bottomless pit!"  
"I am!" Come forth at once!"  
"Ize comin'," replied the negro as he jumped out of bed; "I can't pay dat six dollars half as easy in any other way, and de old woman is so mighty cross Ize glad to get away from home."  
The butcher and his friend did not wait for Mr. Nelson to come out.

## Not Afraid of the Devil.

An old lady residing in Ohio lost the companion with whom she had jugged for many years. She neglected to mark the spot of his burial by even a stone. Not long after, coming into the possession of a small legacy, a sister of the deceased said to her: "I suppose you will now put up stones for Daniel?" Her answer was a settler: "If the Lord wants anything of Daniel at the resurrection, I guess He can find him [without a guideboard]."

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THE STEAMERS COTTON PLANT and CAMBICO connecting with the Old Dominion Steamship Co., afford the most direct and the quickest time for shipment of produce from 24 points on the river.  
Through Bills of Lading given from all points on Tar River for Norfolk, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston. Produce is covered by Insurance, if desired, as soon as Bills of Lading are signed.  
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**FASHIONABLE BAR, Billiard Rooms, OYSTER SALOON, Barber Shop AND Cigar Store, ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.**  
ATTENDEES STEWED AT ALL HOURS. Oatmeal walters to attend to the needs of his guests. m194c.

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embracing every thing usually kept in a First Class Establishment of the kind.  
Thankful for the liberal patronage of the past the undersigned asks a continuation, with the promise of satisfaction.  
Private Families can always have their Cakes Baked here at short-notice.  
**Orders for Parties & Balls** promptly filled. Call and examine our stock, kept at door to Bank of New Haven, Nov. 4, 1875. JACOB WEBER.

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Just published a new edition of Dr. CUTLER'S CELEBRATED ESSAY on the radical cure (without medicine) of Spermatorrhoea or Seminal Weakness, Urinary, Renal, Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance, &c.  
Price, in a sealed envelope, only six cents.  
The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at one simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.  
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**NEW GOODS JUST RECEIVED.**  
Dress Goods, Embroideries, Collars and Cuffs, Kid Gloves, Merina Vest and Shirts, Hats, Hosiery, Cassimeres, Jeans, Bleached and Brown Muslins, Ladies and Gents Boston and Philadelphia, Hand Made Shoes, Crockery, Hardware &c., &c. Call and Examine.  
T. H. GATLIN, Tarboro', Oct. 18, 1875.

## ROBT. LAWSON & CO.,

**SADDLERY, HARNESS, COLLAR, AND TRUNK MANUFACTURERS** and dealers in **SADDLERY, HARDWARE, WHIPS, LADIES' SATCHELS, CARRIAGE ROBES, &c.** No. 277 West Baltimore Street, BALTIMORE, MD. April 2, 1875.

## BLATCHLEY'S

Improved CUCUMBER WOOD PUMP is the acknowledged STANDARD of the market, by popular verdict, the best pump for the least money. Attention is invited to Blatchley's Improved Bracket, the Drop Check Valve, which can be withdrawn without disturbing the joints, and the copper chamber which never cracks, scales or rusts and will last a life time. For sale by Dealers and the trade generally. In order to be sure that you get Blatchley's Pump, be careful and see that it has my trade-mark as above. If you do not know where to buy, descriptive circulars, together with the name and address of the agent nearest you, will be promptly furnished by addressing with stamp:  
CHAS. G. BLATCHLEY, Manufacturer, 506 Commerce St., Philadelphia, Pa. Feb. 12, 1875. 9m

## The Best Household Oil in the World!

**C. West & Sons' Aladdin Security Oil.**  
Warranted 150 Degrees Fire Test. Endorsed by the Fire Insurance Companies. Howard Fire Ins. Co. of Baltimore, December 23, 1874. }  
Messrs. C. West & Sons: Gentlemen—Having used the various oils sold in this city for lighting purposes, I take pleasure in recommending your "Aladdin Security" as the safest and best ever used in our household. Yours truly, (Signed) ANDREW REESE, Pres't.

## IT WILL NOT EXPLODE

Ask your Storekeeper for it. Wholesale Depot: C. WEST & SONS, 115, 115 W. Lombard St., Baltimore, Sept. 17.

## Rocky Mount Hotel,

**6. W. Hammond, Prop'r.**  
POLITE AND ATTENTIVE SERVANTS always at the Depot, on the arrival of trains, to conduct guests to the Hotel. It is the Traveler's delight. Oct. 18, 1875. if

## TARBORO' Lager Beer & Wine SALOON.

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND ALL the FINE WINES and LIQUORS, TOBACCO and CIGARS, next door to J. A. Williamson's. ERHARD DEMUTH, Oct. 8, 1875. 4c.

## THE BULLET.

Its history is curious. Comparatively modern in one sense, it is in another very ancient, having used in old religious ceremonies. The sacred mysteries of Paganism were assisted by it, as is recorded by the Greek authors. Aristotle speaks of dancers in his day who, by movement and gesture, express passions and actions. Athenians says that some of them brought their dances to such perfection that the greatest sculptors studied their attitudes in order to reproduce them in bronze and marble.

## When the capital was at Byzantium

in this as in everything else. The ballet, in Augustus' time, attained marked excellence. Bathylus, Hyllus and Pythias won extended fame by their pantomime and choreographic skill. Each had his school and the eager rivalry of pupils and partisans led to serious disturbance in the city. Until the fall of the Empire such dancing continued, but only among men.

## When the capital was at Byzantium

the women began to take part. Theodora (the wife of Justinian afterwards) who according to all the chronicles, was one of the lowliest and crudest of mixtures, performed on the stage with great success, and is thought to have danced herself into the affections of the Emperor. There seems to have been no ballet in the Middle Ages, but at the close of the fifteenth century, when Galeas Visconti married Isabella of Aragon a spectacle of the kind met with such favor that it was introduced into several other countries besides this.

## France was very fond of entertainment.

Catherine de Medici had a grand ballet presented at an expense of 5,000,000 livres. Henry IV, enjoyed the dance; so did Louis XIV, before he became a zealot. But the ballet was not firmly established until the beginning of last century. Never, off the Paris Academy of Music, having largely contributed to that end. He says in his "Letters on the Imitative Arts" that a perfect ballet is a living picture of the manners, dresses, ceremonies, customs of all nations. It should be a complete pantomime, speaking through the eyes and the very soul of the spectators. If it does not without other aids clearly demonstrate the incidents and passions it aims to describe, it is a mere divertissement, not a ballet. It is only within half a century that women have monopolized the ballet, in which before men chiefly shone—like Baldrace Vestris, called the god of dancing, who was so sublimely conceited that he was wont to say that his age had produced but three great men, Frederic II, Voltaire and himself.

## Julia Ann Brown's Love Letters.

Many you my old curmudgeon? No, no! No! You've had two wives already, and I won't be your third victim. Not I. You're not to my taste. I want no red-headed, cross-eyed, snag-toothed, dried and shriveled-up old scarecrow for my husband. What do I care for beauty when I marry. I want a husband with black hair and eyes, a fine form, and nicely-fitting clothes. I want a man who loves poetry and the opera—a man of intelligence and refinement. Don't talk to me about your cows and your barns and your houses and lands. I don't want to marry things. I want a man!  
Yours, despatchly,  
JULIA ANN BROWN.

## TWENTY YEARS LATER.

Yes, dear, you have waited for me all these long years, and no one else seems to love me now. So come and take me, and whether thou goest I will go. I always did like Auburn hair and eccentric features; and I shall be happy when I am mistress of a your land houses and barns and cows and things.  
Yours subsmissively,  
JULIA ANN BROWN.

## Advertisements in the—Tarboro' Southerner.

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